Reverend Celia Parker Woolley—Memorial Number

Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, April 18, 1918 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

REV. CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY
June 14, 1848—March 9, 1918

What is excellent,
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again.

EMERSON

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 111
The Strength of Gentleness 113
Report of Memorial Service for Rev. Celia Parker Woolley 115

TRIBUTES—
Mrs. Jessie E. Shears-Carnovale 116
Mrs. S. Laing-Williams 116
Mrs. Henry Frank 117
Dr. George Cleveland Hall 118
Miss Samuella Crosby 119
Mrs. Julius Pappe 119
Rev. J. T. Jenifer 120
Thomas W. Allinson 120
Mrs. Elizabeth L. Davis 120
Jenkin Lloyd Jones 121

POETRY—
Refracted Lights.—*Celia Parker Woolley* 111
Departure.—*John Hall Wheelock* 114
Victory.—Julian A. Du Bois 114
Coming.—*Emma Endicott Marean* 122
The Hymn Cosmopolitan.—*Henry T. Schmittkind* 123

THE FIELD—
Resolutions Honoring Rev. Celia Parker Woolley:
The University Society of Chicago 123
Chicago Federation of Settlements 123
Prophecy.—*Victor Hugo* 123
Soldiers' Tobacco.—*Boston Evening Record* 123

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1918 NUMBER 7

REFRACTED LIGHTS.

Written for the Dedication of All Souls Church, 1886.

The evening star that softly sheds
Its tender light on me,
Hath other place in the heavenly blue
Than that I seem to see.
Too faint and selnder is that beam
To keep its pathway true,
In the vast space of cloud and mist
It seeks an exit through.

Nor light of star, nor truth of God,
Through earth born clouds and doubt,
Can straightway pierce the hearts of men
And drive the darkness out.
On bent, misshapen lines of faith
We backward strive to trace
The love and glory that we ne'er
Could look on face to face.

Each fails, through dim and wandering sight,
The vision whole to see,
But none are there so poor and blind
But catch some glimpse of Thee,—
Some knowledge of the better way,
And of that life divine,
Of which our yearning hope is both
The prophecy and sign.

—*Celia P. Woolley.*

The Christian World discovers in the sermon subjects announced by "various great preachers" a "fresh note of rebuke to slothful Christians, and a call to more earnest life for the sake of Christ and the correct life." So mote it be.

A contributor to the May number of *Studies in Social Progress,* in a note entitled "Women, Socialism and Pacifism," seems to take comfort in the fact that "only where woman has come under the domination of socialistic principles, in many cases introduced by male relatives, has she been pacifist." By implication it is pointed out that the common sense of the American woman is equal to save her from such unwomanly wickedness as "feminism," "socialism" and "pacifism." UNITY believes that there are many men and a few women at least whose common sense does not lead them to fear these terms or to avoid contaminating contact with the same.

"The Aims of Labor," by Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M. P., Secretary of the English Labor Party, is a pamphlet of over 100 pages, published recently by B. W. Huebsch, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. It is devoted to a careful discussion of the new labor party in England; its program, its solidarity, its world security and its relation to the people's peace and the spirit of democracy. At the end of this discussion under Appendix No. 1 appears at length the notable "Memorandum on War Aims," issued last December, and under Appendix No. 2 is a "Report on Reconstruction" that is to be discussed at a special conference next June, should a general election render it necessary. This pamphlet is sold for fifty cents.

Of the eighteen shorter notes on current books in that always valuable department of the *International Journal of Ethics* for April, three are given to the discussion of the sex question, and they occupy a place at the head of the list, a dozen of them are given to the discussion of the war and questions connected therewith, the remainder concern themselves with the less feverish discussion of the more permanent problems of human well-being, among these is Dr. Smith Baker's book on "Higher Living," which in its preliminary stages appeared largely in the columns of UNITY; also Dr. William A. Brend's discussion on "Health and the State" and "Human Ideals," by Frederick A. M. Spencer of London.

The leading article in the April number of *The International Journal of Ethics* is by the editor, Dr. James H. Tufts, in which he discusses "Ethics and International Relations." It is a searching discussion on the questions, "Can Nations be Regarded as Moral Agents," "Conflicting Standards of Justice" and "Ultimate Values—Aristocracy vs. Democracy." The conclusion is reassuring to those who believe that internationalism is the gift of democracy. "Equality is satisfying to those who live it, and friendship rests on equality. The religious ideal of equality before God, the implication of equality before the law, the give and take of scholarship in pursuit of truth bespeak a democratic value that is real," and they represent "the appeal of the finer institutions which man is building and it is more and more gaining ground."

Professor Gortner of the University of Minnesota, as quoted in *The Literary Digest* for February 13th, finds that the medicinal, or rather the preventive qual-

ity in tea comes not from the tea leaves themselves, but from the boiling of the water. The Chinese began to sip tea because it was a pleasant drink. Latterly they discovered that tea drinkers were less subject to typhoid and other diseases coming from polluted water. The Eastern magician concealed the valuable ointment in the handles of the Indian clubs and proved that this ointment was very efficacious in the curing of rheumatism if the patient would swing these clubs until the handles became warm so that the potency could work through. All wise physicians understand that the medicinal value of many remedies rests in similar diagnosis of the case. The conditions under which a medicinal bath is taken is the indispensably valuable element in the bath.

The National Civil Liberty Bureau, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, has laid on our editorial table three tracts that compel the interest of the friends of democracy and awaken the anxiety of the patriots who are anxious that the nation's fair name be not marred through the excitement incident to the war spirit and war methods. (1) "The Outrage on Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Ohio." (2) The "Knights of Liberty" Mob and the I. W. W. Prisoners at Tulsa, Okla., and (3) "The Conviction of Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare and North Dakota Politics." These are pamphlets which commend themselves to the serious attention of those who would uphold the hands of President Wilson in his effort to make the United States a potent factor in the far-reaching attempt to make democracy safe throughout the world. Abuses abroad cannot be corrected by atrocities at home.

One of the ablest weekly journals published in this country is undoubtedly *The New Republic*. In no sense a purveyor of news, it discusses all phases of the war and of passing events with a large critical ability and breadth of temper remarkable in journalistic efforts. It may be criticized as dwelling too much on the war in its various phases, and of giving too little consideration of other developments of the rapidly changing world in which we live. In this respect it becomes somewhat monotonous and one-sided; but its ability and its incisiveness of statement commend it to an increasing constituency. Such is its breadth of view that it has been condemned by some as pro-German, which means that it looks on all sides of current events growing out of the war. This attitude ought to commend it to all liberal-minded persons. G. W. C.

The Literary Digest for April 13th prints twelve poems in its department of current poetry, and all of them are by women, five of them from Jessie Rittenhouse, two of them from Aline Kilmer, two from Theodosia Garrison, one each from Grace Hazard Conkling, Caroline Giltinan and Beatrice Daw. There is a reason for this. *The Literary Digest* knows a good poem when it sees it. Here is one of them:

MY WAGE.

I bargained with Life for a penny,
And Life would pay no more,
However I begged at evening
When I counted my scanty store;

For Life is just employer,
He gives you what you ask;
But once you have set the wages,
Why, you must bear the task.

I worked for a menial's hire,
Only to learn, dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have paid.

—*Jessie B. Rittenhouse.*

Cincinnati, Ohio, is preparing for its twenty-third Biennial May Festival, founded by Theodore Thomas forty-five years ago. Four evenings of great choral work and two orchestral matinees are planned for. The present writer well remembers the time when Cincinnati was recognized as the musical and art center of the West, and there were those who were willing to concede to it the honor of being the cultural metropolis of the nation in these directions. In spite of the distractions of war and the delicate situation involved by the predominant Germanic character of the population, it has been enabled to maintain these high standards and now ventures on the twenty-third great biennial musical festival, which is of itself an argument for the worthiness and value of the Teutonic citizenship of the United States. They are the children and the grandchildren of patriots who left the fatherland on account of tyranny, and who later drenched the American fields with their blood in the interest of liberty during the dark days of the great civil strife. And since they have done their part in leading our nation in the great synthesis that makes art the handmaid of democracy, the guardian of liberty. Let the United States be just in its dealings with and its estimate of this great section in the heroic army that in the face of poverty, disease and relentless toil have helped make our nation what it is.

In a supplement to *The New Republic* of February 16 of the present year will be found in full the report on reconstruction by a sub-committee of the British Labor Party. By whom this program of reconstruction and reform was written we do not know, though we might suspect that Sydney Webb or Ramsay Macdonald had a hand in its preparation. At any rate,

it is a very able and comprehensive survey of the demands of the British Labor Party. We regard it as the ablest statement of those revolutionary changes which may be brought about after the war which has yet been produced. These changes are necessary to a true realization of genuine democracy, and are likely to receive the most careful consideration. They are moderately stated, with able argument in their support; but are in the truest sense revolutionary in their proposals. What gives significance to them is the fact that the Independent Labor Party, the Co-operative Societies, and all the socialist organizations are being brought into a new party organization, which proposes at the next parliamentary election to put a candidate into every constituency throughout Great Britain, and hopes to elect a majority of the House of Commons. In its conception this purpose marks a great step forward in the revolutionary direction.

G. W. C.

The Christian Century, the organ of the Disciples, published in Chicago, in its issue of April 11th, chuckles over Chicago as the "Home of the Prophets" and offers as proof of this fact that the "great religious bodies" are training ministers in Chicago theological schools, enumerating the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, Evangelical Lutheran, Disciples and Roman Catholic denominations. It is hardly excusable that our neighbor should have overlooked the fact that the Universalists are busy housing on the Midway another school to add to the list, and that the Unitarians are taking their place on the campus at least one-quarter of each year. Is our contemporary so very sure that the "prophets" are found in such great numbers at these schools? Historically speaking, would the prophets have felt very much at home in these training schools, or is it true that there is a disposition still to throw stones at, if not to light the fire that is to burn, the prophets. The prophets implied as living in Chicago are hardly to be classified among those who are willing to be confined within the boundaries of any one of these eight or nine schools. With the growth of prophesy the separating boundaries will be lowered if not annihilated. We hope that our contemporary speaks wisely when it speaks of these schools as "Homes of the Prophets." It is up to *The Christian Century,* as it is to UNITY and all other would-be advocates of religion to justify our neighbor's caption, to inspire and merit the co-operation of these ministerial schoolmasters in the work of encouraging PROPHESY.

The Public for April 13th contains an article by Ray McKaig of North Dakota, Field Secretary of the Nonpartisan League, entitled, "The New Minnesota Despotism." The article presents an arraignment of the present attempt in Minnesota to suppress "The Farmers' Nonpartisan League," which this article tells us "is sweeping over the thirteen northwestern states." Although this organization has received the co-operation of Carl Vrooman, George Creel and William Kent, and no attempt has been made to interfere with its work by the federal government, still inside of Minnesota, state politicians, backed by "the subsidized press, shrieking aloud their own claims of loyalty," have succeeded in breaking up over one hundred farmers' meetings. The Governor of Minnesota refused to sit on the platform at the state convention where Mr. Wm. Kent of California addressed the farmers. The Minnesota Legislature at its recent session, shouting the hysteria that is sweeping over the country, gave to its "Public Safety Commission" police powers. This has enabled them to prohibit the meeting of the Nonpartisan League in fourteen of the Minnesota counties. One League representative who persisted in speaking at Lakefield, Minnesota, has been sentenced to three months in prison. We are not prepared to discuss the contentions of this League, but we are prepared, in the interest of the democracy to which the United States is committed; to the protection and promotion of which she is now arming her millions of young men, to contend for the rights of the farmers to meet and discuss the interests and issues that do not run parallel with any of the existing political parties. Although these discussions may conflict with the present forces controlling the great iron and lumber interests of the Northwest, the grain and milling trusts and other "combines" of big capital and of high-handed profiteering, the loyalty of the farmers of the Northwest is not to be suspected because they have become interested in the questions of commerce and industry and are beginning to discuss them in their national and international relations. To interfere with or intimidate the activities of the wheat and corn producers in this emergency is indeed to "kill the goose that lays the golden egg." However valiant the service of the boys may be on the firing line, it cannot equal in military importance and strategic efficiency the work done by the fathers, mothers and elder brothers left behind on the farms. The Farmers' Nonpartisan League is a power to be reckoned with in the near future. Its cultural and ethical oportunities are greater than its economic or political significance.

The Strength of Gentleness

A frail, quiet, shrinking, gentle person was Celia Parker Woolley, to whose memory we devote so much of our space this week, yet she was a power to be reckoned with. Her heroic resistance to formidable foes, her valiant defiance to the prejudices, the ostra-

cisms and the social disgraces are too inadequately revealed in all the loving tributes herein printed. Probably this inadequacy is born out of an inadequacy on the part of the speakers to appreciate her heroism. It all seemed to be so natural to her, so inevitable that her independence, not only of the social opposition of those who differed from her, but the tearful regrets and sweet opposition of those who agreed with her that it seemed to require no outlay of will, no sacrifice of spirit. And this was actually the case. Like Rabia who walked the Persian rose garden, she prayed not that the chastisement might be spared; not even for power to endure it, for she felt no chastisement at all. Mrs. Woolley was well into mid life when she quietly stepped into the ministry of religion. She discharged all the functions of the formal minister and pastor, promptly became a shepherd of souls for six or more years, and when she found her ministry hampered by the tyranny of conventional custom she as quietly stepped up into a more efficient pastorate and more potent ministry, transferring her field of labor from among the cultivated favorites of society in the favored residence section of the North Side to the humble surroundings of 3032 Wabash Avenue, where the neighbors were what her friends regarded as uncongenial colored people. But her life at The Frederick Douglass Center was the same life as that which she lived when her home was in the favored Kenwood district. Her friends followed her wherever she went because her radicalism was glorified by her practice, and her theories were ameliorated by her triumphs.

In her earlier experiences she was a pivotal character in the Athenæ, one of the earliest woman's cultural clubs in the city. The Theosophical Society, which in its palmiest days represented perhaps the golden era in Chicago thoughtfulness, received much directing energy from her. She joined the Browning movement in Chicago in its incipiency and in collaboration with Mrs. E. E. Marean prepared one of the first, and in many ways still the best, handbooks for the study of Browning, now unfortunately out of print. These early interests in Greek art, the masters of poetry, Unitarianism and its ministry, woman suffrage and civic reform all stayed with her as she continued her study and practice of all these things in her unique life in the Frederick Douglass Center, a life that has no parallel in spiritual devotion to an unpopular cause and in social enjoyment of human companionship across the superficial and, to her, entirely negligible lines of color, religious conviction or social prestige.

In addition to the account of the impressive memorial service held at the Abraham Lincoldn Centre on Sunday afternoon, April 7th, printed elsewhere in this number, the Editor of UNITY cannot resist the temptation to add these sentences in the name of the paper which she served so long and so well. For two years or more she was the office editor of UNITY, but that routine did not suppress but utilize all the interests, activities and accomplishments alluded to above. From Mrs. Woolley came the first invitation that called the present Editor of UNITY to Chicago for an extra pulpit lecture before her favorite Athenæ, and she was the last of the "old guard" who were in at the birth of UNITY to remain in close touch and co-operation with UNITY office and problems. From the birthday of UNITY to the parting day of her life she could say of UNITY, "All of which I have seen and much of which I have been."

With outstretched arms she exclaimed with her failing breath, "Mother! Father! I am coming!" These were her last audible words, but sister, comrade, partner, colleague and yoke fellow, you still abide with us here! Hail—

Fare On, Fare Ever, There as Here!

DEPARTURE.

One last look,—and then farewell to you forever,
Room that I have loved, dearest place of all!
Softly through the window pours the lonely moonlight,
Slumbers on the bed, slumbers on the wall.

Faint in glimmering fields the grasshoppers are shrilling
As on nights of old; and a cricket, too,
Bravely his one note drones, solemnly and slowly,—
Branches in the light droop all drenched with dew.

Here is the low table where we laughed together,
Chairs where we have sat huddled side by side:
In the quiet night-time the old house is musing
Deep on vanished days and old dreams that died.

Where my youth has sorrowed now lies only moonlight,
—Moonlight on the bed—moonlight on the floor,—
And across the pillow where your head lay dreaming,
O my lost belovèd, moonlight evermore. . . .

Poetry Review. —*John Hall Wheelock.*

VICTORY.

Shall a slave struggle up and be free
To impose his chains on another,
Break the bonds of a fell tyranny
To bind them again on a brother?

Must the victor the battle conclude
With his deeds become his undoing
And himself by the evils pursued
His valor had led in pursuing?

And futile the conqueror's pride,
Nor can it prevent the revealing,
As in Calvary's wounded side,
The infinite process of healing.

For a mystery ever doth blend
The actions of losing and winning;
And the goal that is reached in the end
Is not the aim at beginning.

Sauk Centre, Minn. JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

Report of Memorial Service

For Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, April 7, 1918, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago

May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—

Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—*George Eliot.*

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?

* * * * * *

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.

—*Browning.*

Celia Parker Woolley was born in Toledo, Ohio, June 14, 1848, the daughter of Marcellus Harris and Harriet Maria Parker. Her girlhood was spent at Coldwater, Mich., where she graduated from the Coldwater Female Seminary, and was married to Dr. J. H. Woolley December 29, 1868. She moved to Chicago in 1876 and became at once interested in the literary and civic life of the city. She was an early member of the Chicago Woman's Club and served as its president. The child of liberal parents she was profoundly interested in religion on its progressive and free side. On the 21st of October, 1894, she was ordained as a minister into the Unitarian fellowship at Geneva, Ill., Mr. Jones, pastor of All Souls Church, preaching the sermon and extending to her the right hand of fellowship, the Reverends T. H. Eddowes, A. W. Gould and J. H. Acton taking part in the services. She was the beloved and successful pastor of the church in Geneva for three years, 1893-6, and from 1896-8 was pastor of the independent Liberal Church on the North Side of Chicago. March 1st, 1884, she became a member of the editorial staff of UNITY, which connection she maintained, in one form or another, to the end of her life, thirty-four years. From March 1st, 1890, to September 29th, 1892, she was assistant and office editor. In 1904 she organized the Frederick Douglass Center, and she and her husband took up their residence at 3032 Wabash Avenue, in which home she died March 9th, 1918. Mrs. Woolley was a member of All Souls Church, and, in the absence of Mr. Jones often occupied the pulpit and led its classes. She was a tireless writer and the author of the following books: Love and Theology (1887), A Girl Graduate (1889), Roger Hunt (1893), The Western Slope (1903).

PROGRAM

Organ Prelude .....*Mr. Charles Lee Cocke*
Solo—Father Omnipotent (Russian Hymn, Words by J. Vila Blake) .....*Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson*

Readings—
Scripture.....*Jenkin Lloyd Jones*
Hymn written for the Ordination Service of Mrs. C. P. Woolley .....*Jenkin Lloyd Jones*

Through all the world is heard today,
One call for truth, for vision clear.
Doubt questions faith, and creeds decay,
While men seek wisdom far and near.

We need the prophet's glowing voice
To lead to love, to warn from sin;
To bid the doubting heart rejoice,
And bring the peace of God within.

May this life, in service blest
Declare man's truest brotherhood,
Be strong for counsel, work or rest,
Through perfect faith in Love and Good.

In wisdom meek, in purpose sure,
May she reveal life's noble plan,
One kingdom of the spirit pure,
One living God, one church of man.

MRS. E. E. MAREAN.

Trio—"Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" (*Burleigh*)
Mrs. A. C. Cone
Miss Alpha Bratton
Mrs. Myrtle Winfrey

Responsive Reading.

And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying:
Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Thanks be to God for this faithful life; thanks be to God for this friend and helper of men.
How blessed have our lives been made by her kind words, her wise counsel, and her loving and thoughtful deeds.
We bless thee our father for the friends yet near to us; and for the dear one who has gone home to thee.
Let us join hands and help; for today we are on the earth together.

PRAYER .....*Jenkin Lloyd Jones*

Infiniteness Nearness, thou who hast revealed thyself in the tender loyalties of loving hearts, we draw near to thee in the strength of holy associations, the power of tender memories, and in the guidance of self-sacrificing love. We thank thee for a life so pure, for a guidance so true, for the help received from her in hours of toil, for strength and support in times of weakness. We thank thee that our lives have been broadened, our hearts deepened, our concience made more keen and sensitive for the life we commemorate.

Father, may we offer our devotion to her memory in the renewed loyalty to the wider fellowship, the deeper thinking, and the tenderer living.

We thank thee that the voices of hatred, of prejudice, of antagonism are silenced in the presence of this loyalty. We thank thee that differences disappear and brotherhood is made real through her devotion and we pray that the peace that passeth understanding will be and abide with each one of us now and forevermore. Amen.

Trio—"Protect Us Through the Coming Night".....
Mrs. Cone
Miss Bratton
Mrs. Winfrey

Chairman: I have asked the friends and coworkers of Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley to join with me and with those who worship in this place to pay very briefly our tributes of love and

respect to her. Each is to speak out of his or her own intimate relation, each is to testify in his or her own way to her worth and to her contribution to the well being of the city and to her age.

There is no one who can better represent Abraham Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church and the fellowship that included Mrs. Woolley and her work and her colleagues at that other brotherly Center than

MRS. JESSIE SHEARS-CARNOVALE

We are in this particular place today to do honor to Celia Parker Woolley not only because she was one of us and because we loved and honored her in this companionship, but because of her value to the community at large and especially because she espoused the unpopular cause of justice to the negro in America. She was willing to live day by day the things to which many so-called open-minded liberals are willing to give a negative support by simply theorizing about them. They accept the fact that biologically the black and the white races are the same. They accept also the fact that it has been proved over and over again that with the same education and environment the same results will obtain in one race as in the other. They also accept and deplore the fact that notwithstanding all this there still exists a prejudice. Mrs. Woolley went still farther than this and showed by her example that even though one might for the sake of argument or because of some insurmountable difficulty admit that an inferiority of race might be possible, her duty was still clear—to love, to respect, to treat and to feel them as equal.

I remember my first invitation to Douglass Center. Mrs. Woolley did not designate the color of her guests but simply said: "Come to meet my friends. We have something to talk about." I went, and this was the beginning of an acquaintance with a group of people who have given an added interest and a broader vision to my life. This has given me a basis of friendship among both colored and white people which has encouraged me to feel at times that equality and justice are a little nearer at hand than they were twenty years ago when a group of us stood by Mrs. Woolley in one of the bitterest fights that ever occurred in a great working organization over the issue of whether or not a colored woman of ability and education should be admitted to a club which had for its motto "Nothing that is human is alien to us." To the credit of this club be it said this woman was elected and still remains a member. Mrs. Woolley however never deceived herself in regard to the fact of the prejudice, and I am persuaded she must have accepted the fact, based upon great proof, that true *race* prejudice does not really exist or there would not be a drop of white blood in evidence in the colored race today. Once I heard her say, "A thing much more snobbish and indefensible than race prejudice exists and that is 'social prejudice,' a prejudice of caste which we feel in every circle of society even in this the greatest democracy in the world."

This was brought home to me in a surprising manner a few days ago when it was my pleasure to bring a resolution to an organization of which Mrs. Woolley had been a member for many years. The resolution was to the effect that a permanent committee be formed to be known as the "Celia Parker Woolley Memorial Committee," whose duty it should be to bring to the organization the reports of the work which Mrs. Woolley had represented. The resolution carried without discussion. Afterwards a member who seemed to represent a group said to me, "The resolution which you presented was one of the worst of its kind that has come before the club and I wish to protest against it because of its possibilities." This was followed by the usual ante-bellum arguments against the negro to which one pays little heed except to recognize that such prejudice does exist and has its influence. I saw a ray of hope in the remarks. I saw that Mrs. Woolley's life and position in the organization had not been in vain. Once it would have been easy for such a member to have made a public and frank defense of this prejudice before this same audience. Now, however, such a thing could not happen, especially after the remarkable tribute which was given her in a memorial service the week before.

I have spoken of this club incident with a member simply to show again that we must not deceive ourselves by believing that such prejudice is only a memory of the past, because it still exists, living and pulsating today. One can take courage, however, from those of us who have memories which reach back to the days when Jewish women were opposed in social and working organizations because of some sort of prejudice, and today in our clubs they are among our most cultured, efficient and best beloved members, with no thought regarding them as to race or religion. But we must be on the alert; we must keep in mind the fervor and the high ideals of Celia Parker Woolley. The color question, whatever that may mean, must be met day by day in a practical manner. Only in this way can we show justice to the colored people, especially in these days when we are no longer a provincial and isolated nation, when our affairs are talked of by other peoples; only in this way can we in a measure rehabilitate the good name of America which to the outside world has been blackened by this internal color question; and only in this way can we worthily honor today and always the name of the white apostle to the colored people, Celia Parker Woolley.

The Chairman: Mrs. Shears-Carnovale has introduced the next speaker in more fitting and impressive manner than I could do. It was through no fault of Mrs. Williams, or of ours who helped her, that the name of Fanny Barrier Williams had for a time a militant significance in Chicago, and was the unwilling object of social dispute and women's antipathies. Mrs. Carnovale has well said her cause was not a happy one; but she has honored and is still a member in good standing of the club that so resented her entrance. It is very fitting that Mrs. S. Laing-Williams should appear on this platform on this occasion.

MRS. S. LAING-WILLIAMS

Mrs. Woolley belonged to that choice group of men and women who could not be happy so long as unrighteousness had sway over this country.

She conceived it to be a part of her mission in life to help to correct public opinion that is now either indifferent to or actively hostile against the present generation of colored people.

She also believed that the relationship between the two races could be adjusted in a way that would satisfy the demands of ethics, religion and the highest equity, for she felt that the spirit of human fellowship once understood would carry us across the superficial barriers of race lines and color lines that separate the stronger and weaker elements of human society.

But today looking back on the splendid possibilities of this noble life we cannot but ask ourselves: Were

there not other fields to tempt the poetry of this ardent soul? Were there not other paths, where no shadow of sorrow sat, by which to travel towards the fullness of life? But it is right at this point where the power of choice comes to great souls, and Mrs. Woolley did not hesitate to choose between present good for self and the larger good of humanity. She knew she would be misunderstood, criticized, and even maligned, for prejudice and injustice are elements hard to combat. She established the Frederick Douglass Center and we all know how devotedly she served this cause. Her plea was always for justice and more justice. She went everywhere, prodding the American conscience to be just to the Negro and to enlarge the term citizenship so as to include all men.

Recalling these characteristics of Mrs. Woolley it seems to me that she preëminently stood the supreme test of love to God in that she loved her neighbor as herself, without exceptions based on the mere circumstance of complexion.

Another beautiful thing to remember about Mrs. Woolley's efforts in our behalf is that she made everything she possessed, whether of culture, associates or friends, serve the cause she had espoused. She always placed above everything else her duty to that race which her own race had outraged for over two centuries.

We shall also always lovingly recall that she never faltered in her devotion or lost her sympathy and respect for this ransomed race. She had an abiding faith in the capacity of these people to rise above their limitations and prejudicial hindrances. So that after all as a race, in the midst of the degrading forces that have oppressed us, we have been wonderfully fortunate in our friends, and there is also this strange anomaly in our history—that the men and women who have done most for the Negro in his evolution from slavery to freedom and from freedom to citizenship are the men and women who have been most exalted in this republic—and in this royal company of great souls, with Garrison, Phillips, Harriet Beecher Stowe, John Brown, and Lincoln, Mrs. Woolley has taken her place and received her reward.

But I cannot refrain from voicing a sense of personal bereavement in the death of Mrs. Woolley for she was my personal friend; but there is no conceit in this, for she loved us all and permitted us to read her heart. There are few in this city who could have left behind so many who could say, "She was my personal friend." She could always be seen and heard by any one of us and her wholesome advice, her inspiring optimism, and her generous spirit of comradeship will make her name and memory a sacred heritage. As the years go on, we will again and again invoke her benignant spirit in our efforts to help ourselves and those who need our help. We shall dedicate ourselves anew to the high task of helping to give character and beauty to the Negro race. We should be able to see in Mrs. Woolley's death the transfiguration of all our bitterness and despair into courage and hope, for she taught more by the life she lived and the death she died than is given even to those who have most enriched the annals of human greatness.

The Chairman: It is great to overcome prejudice; it is greater not to have prejudice. It is beautiful to be able to put aside suspicion and distrust; it is more beautiful not to be conscious of a difference. Some are far enough along to love in spite of color. That is not so far along as was our sister who loved *unconscious* of color. That which made her a sister to the darker race made her also a sister to all races. She interpreted the words, still waiting adequate interpretation — "cosmopolitanism," "internationalism." The next speaker has a right to speak in appreciation of that fellowship which ignores differences of birth and defies prejudices of race and creeds.

MRS. HENRIETTE G. FRANK

Some years ago we met Mrs. Woolley in Manitou. She was living in a house facing a great mountain, and she gained strength and inspiration in contemplating its towering heights.

This attitude is typical of her life. She dwelt with the rest of us in the valley of the daily round of duties, neglecting none; while her mind and soul were ever filled with the thought of the heights of human endeavor and great ideals.

She loved the best and the highest in the world of letters, in the humanities. Her life was ever devoted to the ideals of truth and beauty and justice.

When I first met her, in the early days of the Chicago Woman's Club, she was a student of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and she was most thorough in her studies. She met every task with the same earnestness with which she pursued her studies. She always rang true. She was one of those who had a message to give to the world, and she had the heart and brain to convey it to those with whom she came in contact. She stood ever for the right as she saw it and never wavered.

Mrs. Woolley was President of the Chicago Woman's Club from 1888 to 1890, and to her fellow members she was an inspiration.

Her first offering to the club, shortly after her admission to membership, was a paper on "Woman's Relation to Church and State." This was presented October 3, 1877.

In her address as President, at the close of her term of office, she stated the purpose of the club as "not the mere pursuit of intellectual culture, but to promote the higher ends of a purer social state, and the true enlightenment of mankind, founded on justice and brotherhood."

She was President of the club when it took the initiative in founding the Norwood farm school for boys, now known as the Glenwood School. Mr. and Mrs. Milton George offered the land for such an institution, and the appeal of the club for the founding of this school bears his signature as President.

In 1892, with Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, she represented the club at the Chicago meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which met here upon the invitation of the Chicago Woman's Club.

A memorial meeting for members who had departed this life was held May 3, 1893. Mrs. Woolley delivered the memorial address, taking for a text the words of Cicero: "Whatever is as universal as death, cannot be bad."

In 1894, on Poets' Day, when Robert Browning was the subject, Mrs. Woolley gave the address on the poet, whose work she had so carefully studied. She was leader of the Browning class at its inception and a most inspiring leader in this as in all else.

In May, 1894, Mrs. Woolley presented to the Board of Directors the plan of forming a political equality league, organized under the auspices of the Woman's Club, eventually to become an independent body—a

plan which was carried out. Mrs. Woolley was appointed chairman of the committee then formed.

The World's Parliament of Religions, in 1893, found a lasting response in her mind, for she founded the League of Religious Fellowship, to perpetuate the message of liberty, equality and fraternity in religious thought.

Her last work for the Chicago Woman's Club was a paper to be read by her on February twentieth on "The Victorian Age; Main Trends in Thought and Social Activity." No one would have been better qualified than she was to handle this theme. Illness prevented her being with us that day, to our great and lasting loss.

Through her initiative it was written into the by-laws of the club that there should be no bar to membership on account of race, color or religion, and her sense of right and justice prevailed in this, as in every other question she considered.

Of late years she could not be with us often. She said to me, after she had been several years at Frederick Douglass Center: "This is my work, the work I feel I must do."

She will be greatly missed by all of us, to whom she was a guide and inspiration and a friend, one whose life enriched the community by her presence and her example, and whose courage and power were ever in the service of humanity.

—I am in the habit of saying that it is not given to many men to be seen beyond their neighborhood; a few may be recognized within their city; fewer still across the state; very few across the country. The one who is now to speak his word of tribute has by virtue of his own power become a national representative. His ability has made him logically a leader of his race and the first support of Mrs. Woolley in many of her high endeavors. The President of the Board of the Frederick Douglass Center,

DR. GEORGE C. HALL

More than fourteen years ago the people of Chicago were somewhat startled by the announcement that Dr. Celia Parker Woolley, prominent lecturer, writer, society leader, etc., had given up her comfortable home and had moved into the so-called Black Belt of Chicago. The newspapers did not take very kindly to this innovation for it was new.

It would be a task to find a more sublime exhibition of moral courage in this country's history than the life of Celia Parker Woolley. She was the first white woman in Chicago to leave her home and move among Negroes. This resolve was not made when the possibility of the enterprise had been demonstrated or approved, but when the work and the idea was new, and when her nearest and best friends were doubtful of the resources and fearful of the results.

Mrs. Woolley's idea of her work can be best stated in her own words I quote from a leaflet issued by her at that time:

OBJECTS.

To promote a just and amicable relation between white and colored people.

To remove the disabilities from which the latter suffer in their civil, political and industrial life.

To encourage equal opportunity, irrespective of race, color or other arbitrary distinctions.

To establish a center of friendly helpfulness and influence, in which to gather needful information, and for mutual co-operation to the ends of right living and a higher citizenship.

Fitted by achievement, influence, education and human love, Mrs. Woolley took to heart the eternal truths of liberty and justice, and took to task her countrymen, her community, and even her country, when they failed in practice to make these truths real.

"To establish a more just and amicable relation between the white and colored people," was her slogan. "Making people acquainted," she would say, "will do more good than a hundred sermons on ethics." She studied racial values, not racial difficulties, and recognized the best in all people. If her consecration to the cause was heroic, her subsequent devotion to it, with the trials that might have made the stoutest heart faint, was still more glorious.

Bringing people together! Hers was a simple philosophy, simple Christianity, breathing the spirit and example of her Maker—a minister of His Gospel, not to be ministered unto, but to serve,—one whose preaching was mostly by her presence.

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will."

Such was the spirit by which she must have been led. A twentieth century Joan of Arc, who quickened the steps and steeled the arms of the battling hosts of true American democracy.

She never sought but shunned notoriety. Her aims were definite, her purpose steady, specific, direct; her guide was her conscience and her God. To every task she brought the power and help of a splendid hope.

She relinquished that which is most sacred and dear to most women—her home. She moved among those for whom she spoke, and worked *with* them rather than *for* them. Like Huldah, the prophetess, "she dwelt in the temple and they communed with her." She furnished that much needed personal touch; a comforter in these busy days, when most people are too busy to talk to troubled and burdened people. She was the one friend in whom we placed special confidence, one whom we had tested and tried in other ways; to whom we could open our hearts, and who in turn opened her heart to us. A comforter to the oppressed and the pressed; full of Christian, human sympathy and love; a minister of real life, the kind that makes people comfortable and happy, that gives them courage, hope and a vision that inclines them to better ways. We love to contemplate a life like this so perfectly fitted into the lives of thousands of others. What she has done to bless the world and recover it back to its original purity and unity, can never die; her work is imperishable, and there must spring up many others to carry on her work to greater heights than she was permitted even to dream.

Douglass Center will continue to grow. First, through the friends she brought to its work; second, through the work itself, as democracy is realized more and more by the nation. The ideas and ideals to which she devoted her life will appeal with peculiar force to the hundreds of her followers who looked to her for guidance, when, after the war is over, they will be called upon to help give form and shape to the new democracy that shall recognize the rights of all men.

Her accurate perception of justice made her a friend of my race, and my race her friends; they

never speak of her except in love and admiration. Wise and simple, kind and generous, gentle yet courageous, she served her city and country faithfully and well, and died for democracy as truly as any soldier killed in the trenches. A life like this needs no marble or bronze erected to her memory. She leaves that best of monuments—the universal affections of all who knew her.

A faithful witness for Him who came to save, she also "went about doing good."

Blessed be the memory of Celia Parker Woolley. May it serve continuously to summon us anew to our duty of faithfully "witnessing" for justice in these difficult times in which we live.

"Let us join hands and help; for today we are on the earth together."

—The next speaker is one of many upon whose conscience Mrs. Woolley laid compelling hands, drawing her away from many other distractions to her side. She has a right to speak for she represents a large and ever growing company,

MISS SAMUELLA CROSBY

My brief tribute to our dear Mrs. Woolley must be a very personal word of gratitude for the opportunity of association with a spirit so rare that one could not fail thereby to experience quickening of conscience, enlargement of heart and broadening of mind. To have helped ever so little in furthering her plans was to catch a new and deeper meaning in democracy. To have realized even imperfectly her fine sense of justice was to feel chagrin at the ease with which we accept all privilege as though it were our due. To have seen her indignation at the cruel injustice so often meted out to the colored people was to gain a new conception of personal responsibility toward the wrongs so common as to be almost ignored. To have appreciated in the smallest degree her courage in standing alone for what none could deny was the right was to have a deeper sense of shame in view of one's own cowardice or indifference.

Mrs. Woolley was no deluded sentimentalist. Her vision was too clear for her to overestimate her own service to the cause to which she gave her life or to permit undue confidence in what anyone could do for a race whose advancement must depend chiefly upon their own efforts, but she stood always and uncompromisingly for the abolition of senseless prejudice and unnecessary hindrance to the fair enjoyment of the common opportunities so freely offered to aliens from whatever clime. Yet with all her firmness was mingled so much of sweetness and so keen a sense of humor that the stupidity of being unfair was brought home to one and the absurdity of putting hindrance in the way of any who might wish to become better fitted to enjoy the blessings of intelligent freedom was made manifest as only the coming of glorious sunshine can reveal the detestability of filth and squalor.

Is there any memorial we could erect that would half so fittingly express our appreciation of her and of her work as the acceptance for ourselves of her unselfish point of view and the determination to make it effective here and now so far as in us lies.

—Mrs. Woolley's work at the Frederick Douglass Center was so efficient and basic that we are inclined to bound her career by the history of that Center. But the next speaker represents a constituency that reached far beyond the boundaries of the work on Wabash Avenue and this city.

MRS. JULIUS PAPPE

I am asked to speak of Mrs. Woolley as a Liberal in Religion, a grateful task, because she was a perfect example of a religious liberal. Liberalism, in my notion, does not consist in a set of certain opinions or convictions, nor in any code or canon, but in an attitude of mind. Mrs. Woolley had a liberal mind, therefore she was bound to be a liberal in religion as in everything else. It would not matter to such a woman whether she were born a liberal or not because nothing could hold her, neither tradition nor discipline. She was bound by no law but the law of truth. Tradition is very well in its place. It gives one a setting in the world; forms a background as it were. But who would wish to live in the background? Surely not a woman like Mrs. Woolley. She did her own thinking and let other people do theirs. She accepted nothing because it was new and rejected nothing because it was old. Although she called herself a radical she seemed to me not of the radical type of mind She seemed rather to cling with affection to old sentiments, old feelings and old beliefs. She examined them carefully and when they failed she laid them lovingly away. But she had the same beautiful hospitality to new ideas, to new facts and new convictions. She examined them as carefully and accepted such as seemed justified by reason and experience. Even convictions for which she had fought and bled—only dear, gentle Mrs. Woolley never fought for anything, she just went quietly ahead and acted on them—even these convictions she could give up when new experiences and new facts no longer made them tenable. And that's a test of your true liberal.

Another test and one much more difficult to meet is our attitude toward those who think they have progressed farther along the path of light than have we. It is easy to pity and forgive those so-called "benighted" ones behind us on the road of progress, but those who think themselves ahead of us, especially adherents of some of the newer cults, alas—we too often forget the way we have come. As she says herself somewhere, "There is nothing so dogmatic as your dogmatic radical." But not so Mrs. Woolley. She searched for the grain of truth which lies beneath even the most fantastic of these newer claims and thus proclaimed herself again the true liberal.

As in religion, so in literature, so in her ideal of social service, so in every expression of her life, her attitude was that of a free mind, bound by no law but that of an inner consistency. While clinging to what was good in the past and accepting what seemed true in the present, she ever looked for the new light of the future. She was a generous and hospitable soul, a true liberal.

Let me close by reading a few lines from her own words:

The world is so big, human needs so various, human desert so widespread, if so small, time so long and impartially disposed towards all the reforms and theories! Our pet nostrum or belief grows alongside a hundred others, and the Good Gardener bestows the same care on each, as why, indeed,

should he not? Every reform secures a few converts, but no rule or custom is allowed to gain full sway, to live too long and corrupt the world.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be."

This is hard on the system-makers. I am one of them and know their pangs.

. . . . . .

The religion of love and reason has no tenets; it rests on a principle, a mode of thinking.

. . . . . .

"Why not even of yourselves judge ye what is right?" There are no words that have stirred the human consciousness deeper. I say human rather than religious because the question is man's. It is the mind's first inquiry, and has been the motive of the world's social and political progress no less than of its religious growth. Our forefathers answered the question in one way in the Declaration of Independence. We absorb good from all sides. Laboring to free itself from one form of unjust control the mind loosens other false bonds. Protestantism and democracy spring from one root, bear the same blossom and fruit.

"Truth, Righteousness, and Love!" These are the great ideas which have led the world forward.

—From this list of speakers we cannot omit the name of the pastor of Frederick Douglass—a speaker at his funeral service—one who brought a minister's accomplishments to the work of the Frederick Douglass Center—

REV. J. T. JENIFER

Few there are who take time to consider the embarrassments and limitations felt by a people who are continually ostracized undeservedly by another people. Such ostracisms usually have their basis in ignorance and race prejudices. The sainted woman whose character, life and labors we now commemorate did two imperishable deeds opposed to these evils. She bridged the chasm between the races by bringing in closer touch some of the best in each race that by counsel and contact each might be convinced of the best in the other.

She made no attempt at apostleship in emulating the thing which to America is its "bogey-man," the Social Equality Theory. She revered and loved her God and her fellow man.

By founding the Frederick Douglass Center, Mrs. Woolley also exemplified to the negro race how to appreciate its own worthy leadership, and how to imitate the character, life and labors of its great benefactors such as Frederick Douglass.

By doing these things Celia Parker Woolley has implanted in a grateful race an esteem and affection that will never be eradicated from the hearts and memories of those who knew her or knew of her work of labor and love.

—There is another who surely should have a place on this platform but who is unable to be here, Mr. Thomas W. Allinson, head of the Henry Booth House. I am glad to read his letter at this time:

Dear Mr. Jones:

I regret exceedingly that I am not able to be present on Sunday to testify by my presence how much I valued Mrs. Woolley, not only as a friend but also as one of Chicago's foremost citizens.

Her work in the Chicago Woman's Club, her widespread interest in so many plans for raising our city from its social and moral Slough of Despond, entitle her to honored commemoration and to loving memory.

She was a living witness throughout her busy life of the power of a single personality working for good. The good that one friend can do, not only in her own life but in the persuasive power of her example, is not easily measured, but Mrs. Woolley exercised her gentle yet persuasive power in most unusual degree. To her a wrong to anyone was not to be passed by, but to be testified against, and by her faith she moved mountains of distrust and prejudice.

She was a woman of unusual gifts of insight and expression, of courage, persistency, and charm. Her work will live after her.

Requiescat in Pace.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas W. Allinson.

—The last speaker is one who has closely neighbored with Mrs. Woolley for many years as the head of the Phyllis Wheatley Home, and who knows much of the inside workings of the Douglass Center and is qualified to speak out of her long acquaintanceship.

MRS. ELIZABETH L. DAVIS

I am glad to add my small tribute of respect and loving appreciation to the memory of that rare and gifted soul who has entered into the realm of eternal silence.

I have known Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley for many years, and have been closely identified with her in the work of the Frederick Douglass Center since its beginning.

She was the bravest woman I have ever known. She had the courage of her convictions, never faltering in her purpose to bring about a better understanding between the best people of both races from the day the local press heralded the first "Black Social Tea" to the last meeting over which she presided.

She was easily approached, with an ever ready ear to hear our story of joy or sorrow, hope or despair. I remember going over to see her one day shortly before she passed from us. I was feeling unusually discouraged over what seemed a most flagrant act of discrimination against the women of our race. After listening thoughtfully she said, "Do not allow yourself to grow bitter, things will come right in time, a better and broader spirit will come, but there can be no world democracy until we have democracy at home."

She was interested in all of our organizations and institutions from our smallest local club to our great National Association of Colored Women.

Our friends are few and far between, and the number grows smaller as the years go by. No words are adequate to express our grief for Mrs. Woolley, one of the best friends we had.

The gentle voice is stilled, the busy hands are folded, the sympathetic heart has ceased to beat. We cannot pierce the hidden folds of the great Beyond where her fearless soul is rising to higher planes of progress; but we can and will keep her memory green in the hearts of a grateful people for whom she labored and endured much, and who are better and stronger because she lived and walked among them.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

It was a grief to me as I am sure it was a disappointment to Mrs. Woolley's friends that I was not able to stand beside her bier to share my sorrow and joy with you. It was my right to stand in that place and to serve that office, and I come to it now to speak one more word for the extension of the word and work of my friend, colleague and partner, Celia Parker Woolley.

I yield to no man in my joy and strength in the work she did at the Douglass Center. I was in the early councils that shaped it. I was permitted to enter deeply into her confidences. I remember how she discussed with me the name. How her friends assumed that she would call it a "settlement," but that did not carry just the significance she wanted and she gladly accepted the other word, "Center," a radiating point, not a foreign missionary point.

But Mrs. Woolley was ripe for that difficult and delicate work. It was my privilege nearly a quarter of a century ago to welcome her into the high and consecrated office of a minister of religion to which she aspired and from which she shrank only from the timidity of modesty. At her ordination service it was my privilege not only to speak the word that undertook to interpret the significance of the occasion but to extend to her the hand that welcomed her into the fraternity of ministers. She was then in her forty-fifth year with no technical preparation, she had had no theological school or denominational training. She came hesitatingly but heroically to her high tasks.

When we hesitated the other day as to whether we should put "Mrs." or "Rev." before her name in this printed program, one who was very close to her said, "By all means give her the title, Reverend; she would love to have it before her name." She prized highly her calling.

My last communication with her was suggestive. Just before I left on what I call my "March escape," I called her up for a suggestion as to what woman I could invite to my platform during my absence. I said, "I always want one woman at least." She hesitated over the phone and with her characteristic chuckle said, "What is the matter with your asking me?" "I would like no one as well, but I realize your busy life and not too robust health." She said, "I do not want to lose connection with you. I do not want to be left out. I want to be on your platform at least once a year. I will speak on 'Grounds of Faith for Times Like These.'" It was her last word to me. Her name was printed on our March program. She did preach the sermon though she was not here to speak the word my people would have loved to hear.

So let me say, with profound appreciation for the work that has been so well interpreted here today, that back of that, the cause of that, the source of it was Mrs. Woolley's interest in religion, good old-fashioned religion you may call it, because it was new-fashioned to the need of the hour and the inspiration of the day. Hers was a faith in the living God, and the enjoyment of the unrimmed comradeship with the children of God. She ever stood for the things of the spirit. She was free born and I am sure she would have been glad to have me pay this tribute to the father and mother who gave her to the world with a propulsion to things divine.

I was touched the other day by a delicate hint to the effect that the first impulse that directed the mind and heart of him to whom she gave her life and heart, was the tidings of the reading of a remarkable paper by a young graduate in Coldwater, Mich., on Thomas Paine, the writer of which had interpreted him in terms of appreciation. That was a beautiful introduction to a beautiful union. It was a fitting foundation for the domestic happiness which Celia Parker Woolley realized in her life.

Radical you may call her, progressive she certainly was, open minded, open handed but deeply rooted in the fundamental sanctities of life, profoundly rooted in the primal reverences of the home. However her mind might wander into new fields, her heart was true to the primal consecration, the everlasting sanctities. So we find her an apostle of the church, a free, undenominational, open-hearted church. We find her an apostle of the home, a plain, sweet old-fashioned home that held to the consecration of the love of one woman for one man as the highest reach in evolution, the slow triumph of the unfolding ages. She consequently avoided, evaded or eluded the passing labels that represent the new "isms" that give the spirit a propulsion on diverging lines, now here and now there, oftentimes thereby losing the fundamental anchorage of the centuries.

Mrs. Woolley was a minister of religion and she asked such consecration at the hands of other ministers of religion who commanded her respect, that she might appear before the world as a woman set apart to the high office of spiritual teaching, and she by her life training demonstrated that no more surely is the medical profession or the legal calling given a place in the divisions of labor and the specialization of modern civilization than is the high office of the minister of religion to one who accepts as a life vocation the function of interpreting the spiritual laws, the ethical needs, the high opportunities of society. It is touching to receive across the distances the evidences of her efficiency in the ministry for which she was trained at the fireside. She was a graduate of the hearthstone of a home devoted to liberal things.

I hold in my hand a letter which the Rev. T. B. Forbush wrote Mrs. Woolley under date of November 28, 1893, concerning her hesitant consultation about ordination. He closes by saying:

> I want to assure you that it makes me very happy to do this and to welcome you into the ranks of the liberal ministry. You have been a good while coming but I do believe you will enjoy the work, and I *know* it will be work well done.

The only two who took part in her ordination who survive to the present time are myself and the very Reverend T. H. Eddowes, well up in the 90's, and who has sent me Mrs. Woolley's ordination hymn. Mr. Eddowes writes:

> Dear Mr. Jones:—
>
> She began her work here in (Geneva, Ill.) Sept., 1893. Her ordination was on October 21, 1894. You gave the sermon and I the act of ordination. You also gave the charge to the minister. Rev. A. W. Gould extended the Right hand of Fellowship and Rev. J. H. Acton, then of Aurora, the charge to the congregation. Mrs. Marean wrote a hymn for the occasion which now reads like a prophecy of her work, which I copy for you. Her pastorate covered three years. She made the strongest impression on the community of any pastor we had. Her reputation drew attendance from neighboring towns, and her Unity club work attracted attendance from all the religious organizations of the town.

The following tribute comes from the Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer of the Department of Sociology of the Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Penn.:

Dear Mr. Jones:—

I am disappointed that I cannot be with you in person on the occasion of the Memorial meeting at the Lincoln Centre when you will celebrate the onward passing of our dear friend and the friend of all, Celia Parker Woolley. Circumstances beyond my control prevent my bodily presence but I am with you in spirit.

I pay my tribute as one specially bereaved. No other friend in all life's pilgrimage stood closer or was dearer to my spirit. I looked to her always for the clarity of judgment, the breadth of sympathetic understanding, and the firm grasp of the best things in life, which only the noblest can have and only the wisest can share. And I was never disappointed. Her own work was so fine and true in literary ways that we felt it was a loss to that side of life when she became so deeply absorbed in social service. Yet she chose the better part in turning from the "still air of delightful studies" to the hardest and least appreciated, the most needed and the most neglected, field of social devotion,—the work for the colored people.

There is no Settlement worker in all the United States whose name can be put beside hers for consecration to a task few even think of, and none other has so made her own. That task was not the usual helping of a denied and oppressed class. It was the effort to lift both the white race and the colored race to a place of mutual respect and understanding.

It is, and has been for a long time, a comparatively easy task to interest people in the Americanization of the immigrant from foreign lands. It has been for as long an almost impossible task to get people to face with courage, and attack with determination to master its difficulties, the problem of adjustment between two classes of native born, of different color of skin. To this mighty task Celia Parker Woolley set her slender strength of body and her great powers of mind and heart. She died at her post. It is a time of darkness and tragedy in the world. But to many it seems to promise a new and better day for the negro. There are those who believe that in the deep unsettling of old standards and in the vast upheaval of social forces which the world is now to pass through, the time of greater freedom, more equal opportunity and higher social usefulness will come for him. May this be!

Meanwhile this day of Memorial must not be a day of sorrow, or of love, alone, for one so great and good. It must be a day of consecration to the great task she served to the last moment of life on this earth,—the task of ushering in a new day of democracy in the United States of America. A day when human quality shall insure respect for political equality; and when all the opportunities of education, of useful work, of artistic and professional training, and of full admission into the best things of our common life, shall be shared by all, for all.

No lesser service than this could she render at this hour whose devotion we commemorate in the place of meeting she loved.

One of her trustees, Mr. Orville Peckham, writes the bereaved husband from his home in Florida:

Dear Dr. Woolley:—

I have only just seen, in the *Geneva Republican*, a mention of Mrs. Woolley's death. I can appreciate your very great loss and I want you to feel that I sympathize with you very deeply. I admired Mrs. Woolley's gifts and abilities very much, but even more the nobility of her life and character. She was one of the very few (men or women) whom I have known in whose unselfish devotion to the right as they saw it, and to humanity, I could never see any flaw, and whose courage and ability enabled them to lead lives of great usefulness.

Mr. B. W. Dodson, one of the trustees, wrote under date of February 2, 1894:

Dear Mrs. Woolley:

I wish to express to you, not as a "Trustee" but as a member of the congregation, my interest in, and hearty appreciation of the splendid work you are accomplishing in our little society and in Geneva. Recently in conversation with a gentleman friend who has been an occasional attendant Sunday mornings, he said: "I enjoy those meetings exceedingly and do not intend missing any of them in the future." You are giving us both "form and substance in Religion."

My word as her pastor for my unofficial colleague, my word as her brother minister, well fits into the words that have been spoken by the many witnessings of her friends. She was devoted to a highly specialized cause.

Hers was a noble leadership in the most difficult of reforms. But I would be disloyal to her memory and my convictions if I did not trace these recent life lines, this uplifting service, this lend-a-hand achievement back to a source profoundly rooted in the sanctities of life, to a heart in tune with the God of the universe. She achieved the Frederick Douglass Center because she was versed in the traditions of religion in all ages and under many names. It was natural, inevitable, that unconsciously she should fraternize with Jew and Catholic, with white and black, that she should have the open mind for Hindu, Chinese or Japanese. The prophets of religion the round world over were her tutors, and the triumphs of religion, in many forms and under many names, were her justification and inspiration.

To you of the Frederick Douglass Center, to you of All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre, may this belated Memorial Service live with you as a fresh consecration enriched by our words, and may it open up a vista of duty as yet unsurveyed by us. Frederick Douglass Center is a prelude to that larger work that Mrs. Woolley did not reach. She died in the quest. Her word to us is, "Look forward! Greater things than these can ye do?" The unfinished tasks are the blossoms that will not fail in this memorial service.

In the deathless companionship, in the continued inspiration, in the unfinished tasks of her we love may we go forth from this place, to justify our great inheritance, to prove our high pretensions, to demonstrate the faith that was hers. Amen.

COMING.

Tune, "Sweet By-and-By," in G. H., 204.

(Sung at the conclusion of the Memorial Service for Mrs. Woolley.)

There's a Hope that is fairer than day;
And it brightens the earth and the sky,—
We may scatter our seed by the way,
For the harvest will come by and by.
Cho.: For we hope in the Lord,
And his kingdom will come by and by!

There's a Faith that is truer than sight,
And it leads us through pathways unknown;
Not a sparrow can fall in the night,
Not a soul can be lost from its own.
Cho.: For we trust in the Lord,
And his kingdom will come by and by!

There's a Love that is deeper than all,
And it pulses in life everywhere:
Neither failure nor loss can befall,
When we rest in the Infinite Care.
Cho.: For we live in the Lord,
And his kingdom will come by and by!

—*Emma Endicott Marean.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE HYMN COSMOPOLITAN.

1.

Whirled about by many tempests
As in deserts are the sands,
Tell us not that we are strangers,
Foreigners from distant lands.
All the world one heaven mantles,
Hearts are pure in ev'ry place;
God hath made us all His image,
Children of a single race.

2.

In this world ye, too, are strangers;
All are foreigners at birth;
And in death one great migration
Exiles all alike from earth.
Let us, then, in life be brothers,
Hither swept from ev'ry mart,
Shoulder close to shoulder standing,
Hand to hand and heart to heart.

—*Henry T. Schmittkind.*

Written for the Ford Hall Meetings, Boston.
Music by Dr. Isaac Goldberg.

RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, CHICAGO.

March 10, 1918.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God to gather unto Himself Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley after her long term of conscientious, faithful, self-sacrificing service for the least of His little ones.

WHEREAS, He has taken her from the field of material desires and transported her into the realm of spiritual realization which, by her example of patience, righteous determination and love unalloyed, she has so fully deserved.

WHEREAS, It is the one big hope of life that we may pass from service to reward.

Be it Resolved, That our sympathy goes out to her family and intimate friends in their bereavement, but be it

Further Resolved, We shall ever be grateful for the life and love and service of Mrs. Woolley.

Be it further Resolved, That we make real our appreciation of her by doing all we can to further the work she began in the same spirit in which and by which she has won our lasting love.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the University Society.

Harris B. Gains,
Sophia B. Boaz,
Nannie M. Strayhon,

Committee on Resolutions of the University Society.

CHICAGO FEDERATION OF SETTLEMENTS.

April 4, 1918.

The following resolution was passed at the last meeting of the Federation and sent to the President of the Board of Directors of Frederick Douglass Center. I am sure that you must know that as individual social workers we deeply appreciate your personal loss and extend to you our sympathy.

"The Chicago Federation of Settlements, at its meeting April 2, 1918, wishes to record its sense of loss in the death of Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley. It appreciates the courageous service which Mrs. Woolley has rendered at Frederick Douglass Center and her devotion to the welfare of the colored people of Chicago and of the whole country, and it expresses the hope that the work will grow and carry on the ideals which Mrs. Woolley for so many years lived out in that difficult field."

Sincerely,

(Signed) WINNIFRED SALISBURY,
Secretary.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

The Free Religious Association of Boston will give a reception to Rev. George Willis Cooke on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, April 23, 1918. It will be held in Channing Hall, Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street. Mr. Cooke has been invited to give a brief address on how the world appears to one who has reached three score years and ten. All are cordially invited to attend who may find it convenient to do so. The time will be from 3:30 to 5:30 p. m.

The use of the Barnard Memorial Church, 10 Warrenton Street, Boston, has been granted to the local Free Religious Association. Arrangements will soon be made for regular Sunday meetings at that place. Definite notice will be given as soon as plans have been worked out.

PROPHECY.

A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce, and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by arbitration of a sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, the Diet to Germany, the Legislative Assembly to France. A day will come when a cannon-ball will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and the people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their products, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, improving creation under the eye of the creator, and uniting for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers —the fraternity of men and the power of God.—*Victor Hugo.*

SOLDIERS' TOBACCO.

So much is being said in favor of tobacco and cigarettes for those in our Army and Navy, we would like to call attention to a recently unpublished leaflet entitled "Official Objections to Tobacco," by M. Wedcher, Riverside, Cal. He says in part:

"There is money in tobacco and there is poison also. Some who are open to conviction will welcome the testimony of men actually in the Army or in official positions, whose word is beyond question in value and authority:

"'By the Associated Press, London, Nov. 4.—Army surgeons display growing uneasiness on the subject of excessive cigarette smoking among the wounded and convalescent soldiers. Kindly people shower cigarettes upon men who are struggling back to health and by this means, say the doctors, retard recovery and even do permanent injury to health.'

"The report of a London military hospital superintendent says: 'The public should remember that a convalescent soldier is more like a young boy than a grown man in his power to resist nicotine.'

"The well meant kindness helps the Huns, not the Allies.

"'By Associated Press, New York, July 25.—Tuberculosis has caused the discharge of 116,000 soldiers from the French army up to April 1st of this year. Portland, Ore., Oct. 3, 1917 (Press item) 'Methods of checking the ravages of tuberculosis in the U. S. Army will be discussed at Portland, Ore., Oct. 15-16 by anti-tuberculosis workers from Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Utah.'

"The significance of these two items is in the fact that the action of nicotine and other tobacco poisons upon the lungs is such as to invite or cause tuberculosis, and in case of pneumonia the chance of recovery is very much reduced in a system already poisoned and weakened by tobacco.—*Boston Evening Record.*

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